



Blank



19 0 1

Chapter 1 by Jingle Jangums

I woke up in a simple living room. My head hurt and my limbs felt sore. There were two doors. One behind the couch and one on the wall beside a book shelf. On the wall there were faded patches of paint in the shape of squares, as if pictures had once hung there. The shelf was empty, but no dust sat on the polished wood.

Was this my house? I didn't know. I couldn't remember. In fact, the more I thought about it the more I realized there was a lot I couldn't remember. I couldn't remember anything.

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